The merry Jests of

SMUG the SMITH,

Or the Life and Death of the Merry

DIVEL of EDMONTON.

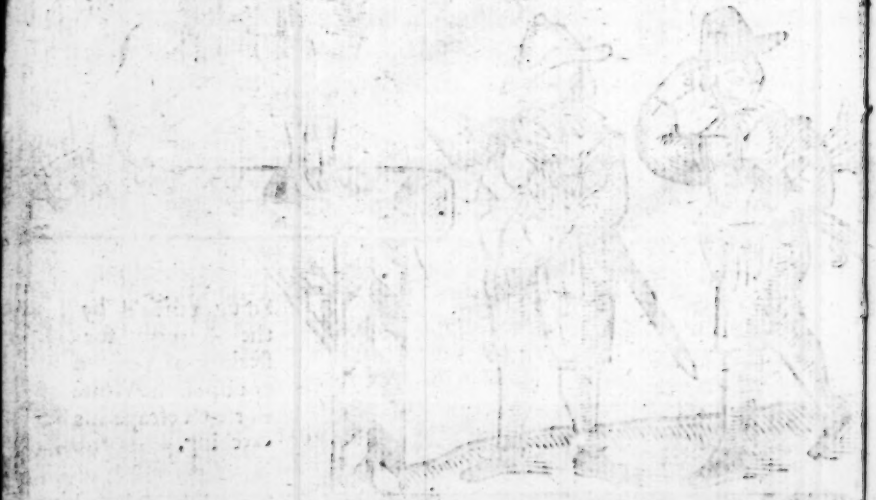
With the pleasant pranks of *Smug* the Smith, Sir *John*, and mine Host of the *George*, about the stealing of Venison.

Whereunto is added { Mr Peter's Fables, / And Smugs Ghost, }

By *T. Brewer* Gent.

London Printed for *Francis Coles* dwelling in the Old-Bayly. 1657.

7.9.3



The Induction, with a Deſcription of

Maſter PETER FABELL.

MAſter Peter Fabell, otherwiſe called the merry Divell of Edmonton (for the many excellent jeſts he did) was a man of good deſcent: and a man, either for his gifts external, or internall, inferior to few: for his perſon he was abſolute; Nature had never ſhown the fulneſſe of her skill, more in any then in him: for the other, I mean his great learning (including many Hiſtories) he was as amply bleſt as any.

Very pleaſant, kind, and free-hearted was he. to, or with his familiars: very affable and courteous to ſtrangers, and very liberall, full of comiſeration and pitty to the poore and needy: both abroad from his Purſe, and at home from his Table. In his time very well known to him, and ſometime (in paſtime) very familiar with him were theſe men: Oliver Smug, Sir Iohn the merry Parſon, *Banks* the Miller, and mine Hoſt of the George, in whoſe companies many times for recreation he would ſpend ſome hours. In Edmonton he was born, lived and died in the Raigne of King Henry the 7.

How Maſter Peter deceived the Divell with a Candles end.

AT the firſt entrance of M. *Peter* into the Art of Magick, by charms, ſpels, and incantations, he raiſed a Spirit, and with the Spirit concluded, that if he would be obedient to him, ſerve, help, and further him at ſuch times, and in ſuch things as he ſhould command, his ſoul ſhould be his reward. This Fire-Brand of Hell (with great ſign of rejoycing) yeelded and ſerved him him (as his ſlave or vaſſale) with very great diligence in many matters and imployments. When this officious ſervant thought he had been at his command long enough (for no terme or time was ſet at the contract) he demanded his commanders ſoule, as the reward of his pains. Why, (ſaid Maſter Peter)

I have made thee a promise thou shouldst have it, and thou shalt have it, but not yet: when it hath left my body (by my death) take it to thée, till then thou mayest not have it, so rest thée contented. The Spirit began to threaten, and terrifie him to make him set a time of payment for his pleasure: and so affrighted him, that he knew not what or how to answer him. Come (quoth ỳ Divel) be briefe, for Lucifer every minute looks for that soule of thine. Is there no remedy (quoth Master Peter) wilt thou allow me no time to set my business in order, and take my leave of my friends ere I go? allow me some small time for that, and do thy will. Why how long time (qd. the Divell) desirest thou I should allow thée? why I faith (quoth Master Peter no long time: spare me but till this inch-long end of candle (pointing to the candle burning in his study) and take my soule. Well (quoth the Divell) though by my charge I can hardly stay a minute, Ile stay so long: about it presently. If I neglect or oversilp my time (qd. Master Peter) take thou the advantage of it: yet one request more thou must grant me. What is that (qd. ỳ Divel) marry this (qd. Master Peter) to confirm thy promise with an oath: I am very loth to trust thée on thy bare word, for all the world reputes thée but a knave: therefore come sweare to forbear me till this candle is burned. Why hell I will (quoth the Divel) and by great Lucifer, as I hope to draw down thousand souls to the déep Abisse (the place of my abode) I will forbear thée till this candle is burned. Then Master Peter, presently after his hellish protestation, put ỳ canle out, and into his pocket: lok here (quoth he) till this is burnt, thou mayest not claime my soule: Ile kéep this safe enough. Goe I command thée, and tell thy proud Lord Lucifer, how finely I have overreached thée.

When the Divel saw he was so cunningly deceived by Master Peter, with many bitter execrations he left him.

How Master Peter deceived the Divel again.

NOt long after the Divel had bén deceived by the merry Divel Master Peter Pabel, he went again to him, and finding him a sléep tok the end of the candle (before spoken of) out of his pocket, and awaked him: when he had so done, he shewed him the end of his candle.

Lok

Look here (said he) here is this that thou keptst to keep me from my right (thy soule I mean) when this is burnt, thy soule must burn with mine: Ile quickly burn it now Ile warrant thee.

When Master Peter saw he had lost his candle (upon the loss of which lay the losse of his soul, if his policy had not helped him out) he intreated him to spare him a little longer.

No, no (said the Divel) all intreats are vain, thou hast deceived me once, thou shalt deceive me no more. Tis a good world when men are so cunning in deceit, as to deceive the Divel: but it is no matter, thou art so much the readier for me.

Yet here me speak (quoth Master Peter) as thou likest my speech so deale with me.

Well, be briefe then (quoth the Divell) what hast thou now to say?

No more but this (qd. Master Peter) if thou wilt spare till my timely death put that thou seekest into thy hands, Ile labour all the time I have to live for hells advantage: Ile bear more soules along with me to hell then twenty of your cunning Divels shall.

Shall I once more trust thee (quoth the Divel) on thy word? well, I swear, why (said Master Peter) by the black river Lucifer thy Lord swears by I swear I will: and when I am buried, either within the Church, without the Church, in the Church porch, Church-yard street, field, or high way, take thou my soule.

Well (qd. the Divel) in hope thou wilt gain me many soules to thine, take thy rest, and so he left him.

Many years after, when Master Peter Fabel by his white hairs weaknesse, aches, and such like signs, perceived he could not live long: he went and digd his deathbed in the Churchwell, and there rested day and night heartily praying & repenting him of all the evell he had committed.

When the hour was well nigh come, that should separate his soule and body, the Divell went to him again and blamd him for neglecting his businesse by promise, and withal told him ỹ he was come for his soule. When Mr. Peter heard that word he presently started up, and charged him to depart, my soul (said he) ỹ comest too soon, and yet too late to have it, he that redeemed my soul hath took't to keep, thou canst not have it.

Didst thou not swear qd. the Fiend, that I should have the

soul

soule at the hower of death? thou didst, and I will have it. I (said Master Peter) when I am buried either within the Church, without the Church, in the Church-porch, Church-yard, street, field, or high way, take thou my soule.

See foolish fiend thou art deceived again, this hole is my grave, if this be either within the Church, without the Church, in the Church-porch, Church-yard, street, field, or high-way, my soule is thine: thou seest it is not, therefore I charge thee (so deceived) depart. Still the Divell was eager on him for his soule till at last by his earnest prayers and zealous Invocations, he forc'd him to run roaring to hell again without it.

How Master Peter Fabell punished a Fryer and his Lemon for their knavery.

MAster Peter Fabell one morning very early, walking in the fields (as his custome was, to meditate by himself) spied a Fryer at prayers upon his beads very devoutly: when Mr. Peter saw him so earnest in his prayers, he went to him, demanded him what his reason was, that his chamber would not serve for his prayers, as well as that place. Oh! Sir (said the Frier) all places are alike to me for this businesse, and all times, for I pray when the prick of conscience comes upon me, in what place, or at what time soever. I commend thee much (qd Master Peter) thou art an honest fellow, and so for that time they parted.

The next morning Master Peter went again: and again found the Fryer in the place where he left him y morning before, so devoutly praying, but not at the holy exercise, y spirit did not move him unlesse the evill spirit moved him, for instead of his book and beads, he had got a wench and sat coling her so close, and kissing her so thick, kisse upon kisse, that she could hardly fetch her wind for him. A good while stood Master Peter behind a hollow tree unseen, seeing them trick and toy together, at last to fright them from their venery, he went into the tree, and with a heavy hollow voice, cryed out to the Frier in this manner: Frier, Frier, Frier, the Frier hearing a voice, presently started up, & looked round about him to see if he could find the Master of that tongue that called him: but in vain he stood looking, for he stood farre enough from his eye, though he were close to his ear. When the Frier had stood a good while looking about him, first on the one

side,

ſtoe, then on the other, and could ſpy no body, like a kind lecherous bals-pate, very hanſomely, or rather very knatiſhly. he went to his wench again. He was no ſooner laid down, but Maſter Peter the ſecond time cryed out (to diſturbe him) Frier, Frier, Frier. At the ſecond call the Frer halfe affrighted ſtarted up againe, and lookt about him (a tip toe) to ſee if he could finde a body to that voice but he found none.

Now our Lady defend us (quoth the Frier to his wench) what voice is this that calls me ſo oft. Didſt thou not hear it. yes faith ſweeting (quoth ſhe) I heard ſome body call to thee: canſt thou not ſee him?

No faith chuck (quoth the Frier) I can ſee no man: and yet ſurely this voice is the voice of a man. But it is no matter, let it be what it will if we cannot ſee it, ſure we cannot feele it. Come chuck let's buſs and be merry, be of good comfort and croſs thy ſelf, I warrant the ſale for a farthing, votes lay old bals-pate again: but before he could give her three kiſſes, the voice raiſed him the third time, crying as before, Frier, Frier, Frier. When the Friers face began to bewray his fear: he had no more colour in his face at that time, (though at all other times he had colour enough) then one of theſe fine whay-fac'd Gate-meale eaters, or a wench troubled with the green ſickneſſe.

Frier, Frier, Frier, (ſaid Maſter Peter) (ſtill keeping himſelf cloſe in the hollow tree) he that ſees thee now unſeen of thee, ſees at all times, in all places, and all theſe thy actions.

Were yeſterday I ſaw thee at thy prayers very devoutly, with thy book and beads, is this the book thou bringeſt to pray on now: doth the prick of conſcience move thee to do this? ſpeak thou black ſinner. There thou haſt red thy damnation without preſent repentance and penance. Therefore preſently both of you if you reſpect more y good of your ſouls, then of your bodies, by the penance I ſhall appoint you purge your ſelves: when the Frier & his wench heard theſe words, they were verily perſwaded in their minds that it was the voice of an Angel, they both kneeled down very reverently together, and ſaid. thy will be done: appoint our penance, and we are ready (with all willingneſſe) to endure it. Then (ſaid Maſter Peter) you both ſhall preſently be whipt from this place (the place where you offended) into the Town and e-

bent

bout the Town. This suffer & desire you to be done by the next man comes nèr you, and this sin is forgiven you, refuse this and despairing dye dam'd wretches.

This or what else it shall please thèe to inflict or lay upon us, for this time (quoth the Frier) we will patiently suffer.

Then Master Peter presently stept out of the hollow trée, and went (very cunningly) round about the back side of a hedge, and came directly upon them, as if he had meant to passe by them.

As soon as ever they saw him, they verily humbly on their knées told him how that in a place they had offended, and for that offence they were by the voyce of an Angell, commanded to take present pennance, or their souls could not be sav'd.

And what (said master Peter) is the pennance ommanded.

Marry this (said the Frier,) to be whipt by the next man came nèr us from this place (the place where we offended) to the town, and about the town, and this sin should be forgiven us. If we refuse this (this was our heavy sentense) to live in dispair and die dam'd wretches.

This therefore is our request sir (you being the man by ỹ Angell appointed) that you would perform your part appointed, while we (very patiently) bear the reward of our wickednesse.

Well (qd. Master Peter) though I am loath to play the Beadle, Ile do thy request, you shall not be dam'd for want of a whipping.

To be short, Master Peter tyed the right hand of the Frier, and the left hand of his wench together, and having so done (with a sound smarting rod of willow) Jerkt them to the Town before him.

There in the view of all the people, he lasht them from one end of the Town to the other, telling them at every second or third stripe of the hainousnesse of their fault. When he had thus soundly whipt, the lecherous bald-pate, and his Lemman, with most pitti full bloody backs, he left them, and losing their hands, he gave the Frier this caveat.

Take heed good Frier, of Venus fire,
You see the hire, of foule desire.

And so farewell, I have done your request, if at any time you have occasion to use me, in such a piece of service, command me.

Away

Away went he very hartily laughing, and the Frier and his wench very heavily weeping.

How Smug won a wager of Master Peter Fabell by a trick that he did.

And on a day Master Peter Fabell, (an excellent Scholler and well seen in the Art of Magick) was conferring with certain of his friends about certain business and imployments, Smug being in the hearing of them, betweene drunk and sober, (for he had been piping the Pitcher in Master Peters sellar) ran nodding in amongst them and the very first word he spake to them was how do you my Masters. They being in very serious talke, unwilling to be disturbed with his foolish babling, with very faire words, requested him to leave them a little, and within halfe an houre (or such a thing) they would give him the hearing of that which he had to say to them. But he like an importunate begger then he would not leave them till he had spoke his mind to Mr. Peter.

When they saw there was no remedy, but he would have his will, come (said Master Peter) honest Oliver be briefe, utter thy ignorance roundly, what hast thou to say to me now? Marry qd. Smug, Master Peter, I hear say you are a very cunning Gentleman, and that you have done as many fine tricks & feats in your time as ere a Jugler in Europe has done, what will you say now if a plain fellow a hard-handed labourer, a poore leatherne-apron-wearer, do such a cunning trick, as you Master Peter, with the helpe of all your great gogle-eyde, bottle-nos'd blobber-lipt, bladder-cheekt, beetle-brow'd, carbuncled detestable Divels cannot do the like. Why hee'l Smug quoth Master Peter, who or where is he that will do this? Marry (qd. Smug) I am he. Art thou he quoth Master Peter? Who would think thou hadst such tricks in thy budget? Do tell me, dost not thou (as thou sayest I doe) use the helpe of some infernall? hast thou no Divell in thy trick? come tell me: Divell quoth Smug, marry God blesse me Master Peter, I cannot indure to lok upon those filthy foule-mouthed fire-spitters, no Master Peter. What I do I will doe of my extraordinary wit and invention. Well lets hear quoth Mr. Peter, what is it you will do? Marry this Ile doe quoth Smug,

Ile let a candle burning in the midst of this room where we sit are, open and easie to be seen as my hands: candle M. Topood shall see, Master Dauby, Master Dauty, Mistris Priskin, and my man Ralph, here yet you shall not see it, quoth Smug (qd. Master Peter) if thou canst do such a trick, thou put it me down indeed. Come boy, let us see it done, say it (quoth Smug) let us have a lay upon it, I will not medling with it, nothing. Agree (quoth Master Peter) what shall the wager be, why forth (quoth Smug) Master Peter you know my mind, for that I love alteration when I make a wager, rather to have it in new money, so you know Master Peter I am very apt to lose, and yet keep the world, the wager shall be a dozen of double Ale, you know I am merry Smug, and merry Smug must have his merry pot or two, or else he is no body. Well I agree (qd. Master Peter) here is my hand, if thou performe what thou hast said, Ile lose, and Ile pay it. Then Smug call'd for a candle and candlestick, which when he had placed M. Peter in the middle of the room, and set the candlestick with the candle burning upon his head: now M. Peter said he doe you see this candle: why no (qd. M. Peter) how should I see it, is it possible for a man to see the crown of his head? you cannot see it then quoth Smug, no I cannot see it said he.

Then Smug demanded of the rest, before named, whether they did see it or no, they all answered I, asking how they should chuse but see it, and yet you cannot see it, they say they cannot chuse but see, and yet you say it is impossible for you to see it.

Come Mr. Peter, you know what you have lost: if there had been a Kingdom laid on it, when Mr. Peter saw how prettily Smug had overreached him, he smiling sent for his losses, and in passing made Smug take his well beloved liquor so soundly, that he lay by the walls that night.

How Smug when he was made drunk, would needs go to fight with the shadow of a sword and Buckler.

SMug one day being angred among a company of true drunkards like himself, came chasing out of the Alehouse, like a mad man, as you know drunkards and mad men are not much unlike, vowing to be revenged, or he would never drink drought of

good drink again, as long as he had a day to liue, & so chafing reeling homeward, as fast as his legs would giue him leaue.

This reeling infirmity threw poor Snug from post to post, and from wall to wall, here he knockt his face against one stock, there against another, till half the wild blood in his body was run out at his nose.

Withon he staggered, till he came to a seat near his home under a sign of the Sword and buckler: where he sate a while to rest him, and as he sate like an honest man carefull to keep both ends together, cast up, as neere as he could without either pen or counters, what he had receiued in the day before.

But all his casting could not cast the remembrance of his quarrell out of his mind: for still he sate railing against his fellow companions with grisbeardly calling them scurvy iades, slaues, knaues, and perpetually damn'd drunken Rogues.

As he sat thus fretting and chafing, longing to be reuenged, spyed, as he thought the instrument of reuenge lying before him: for it was a faire Moon-shine night, and the shadow of the sign he sate under, seem to him to be no lesse then that it came off, the very sword and buckler that hung ouer his head, vnlaid or vnthought off.

Now you Rogues and Roguemuffins (qd. Snug) Ile tickle y'faith, Ile no more, but take up my tales and to them again, by Pharaoh, by this Moone that shines faire (and when vp to the Moon) Ile kill them all, though euery one of them had as many liues as a Catte vsually hauing to take vp his supposed sword and buckler, he fell flat on the ground (for his head was so heauy, that when he did put it downwards, he could not raise it vp again to his life.) Moreouer he swarling and groping about to get his sword and buckler into his hands, so long that he fell fast a sleep, and woke not till morning, he was fetched home by a couple of his honest neighbours.

How Smug laid a wager with certaine Shoomakers that he was a Shoomaker, proved it, and wone the wager.

THree or foure honest good fellows of the gentle craft, travelling together with Sir HUGHES bones at their backs to get work, passing through EDMONTON, went to an Ale-house the nett doore to Oliver Smugs, to drink, where when they had sitten a quarter of an houre, or there abouts, drinking healths, very kindly and courteously, one to another, and to all good fellows of their crafts and acquaintance, to make themselves merry, they sung a song in three parts very orderly and well.

Smug (as he was at his work) hearing them sing so merrily, presently left his work and went to them again, bearing in either hand a full can of the best liquor.

Here my old Lads of mettle (quoth he) here's to you: and to all good fellow Shoomakers in Europe, of which number (for want of a better) I my self make one.

Why sir (quoth one of them) are you one of the gentle craft? faith quoth Smug I am as I tell you, and honest good fellow, and a Shoo-maker, and for the love I bear to all kind Shoe-makers, I have made thus bold to come and drink with you.

They all very courteously welcomed him into their company, and made him sit down among st them.

When they had sitten a good while together drinking & singing very merrily, one being a mad wag among st them (above all the rest) suspecting Smug to be (as he was indeed) a Smith, looked very earnestly upon him, and about him to know something about him that might truly tell him whether he was as he said he was yea or no.

At last spying very narrowly, he spyed his hammer hanging underneath his Apron, in a great round brasse ring.

Then halfe angry with Smug, because he told him he was a Shoomaker and was not, he began to jeer, flout and scoffe at him, shewing to the rest of his fellowes and companions the hammer that hung under his apron.

Why (said another of them) my honest friend, came you hether to flout us, wherefore have you told us you are that you are

not?

not? Why (quoth smug) what did I tell you I was? why (quoth he) you did tell us you were as we are, a Shoomaker. I did indeed (quoth smug) I told you so, and again I tell you so, and will make good my word upon a wager with the best of you all. agreed (quoth one) what shall the wager be?

Why faith (quoth smug) I think you doe intend to travell no farther then this town to night, and you say the word, the wager shall be a shot of five shillings to be spent in shear drink: what say you sirs, are you contented with it? if you be, strike hands and a match.

A match (said they) I know said one of them you are a Townsman, and therefore we shall not need to go far for a touch-stone to try you.

Presently came a Serving-man into the Ale-house to smug, and desired him for Gods sake to give over his drinking and to go to work, for his Masters Horse stood for shoes: what doe you now think my Masters (quoth smug) you see I now am sent for, and must go presently to put on a paire of shoes, will you yeild you have lost? why look you here then my bullies, here's a shoe, pulling a Horseshoe out of his pocket, of his own making, what say you now, am I a Shoe-maker yea or no? A Shoe-maker (quoth one of them) here is a shoe indeed, but it is a Horseshoe, nay (quoth smug) Ile prove it to be shoe & no Horse shoe, for I made it for Mosse his Mare of Enfield, but be it mares or Horses shoe a shoe it is, & I the maker, Ergo I am a Shoomaker because I made it.

Therefore come, deliver your purses of a five shillings peece or so many small pieces as amounts to so much, & let us stand close to our liquor for I think long till I tast it.

The Shoomakers for all this would not yeild they had lost, but would needs have him into the Town for further tryall: But all gave judgement on smugs side, that he was a Shoemaker, & had wone the wager. When the shoomakers when they saw there was no remedy, turned back with smug to their old bottells, and paid their losses, with the losse of their wits for that night.

How merrily smug answered one that gave him good counsell.

CHAP. 2.

SMug one day being set in the midst of his merry mates lustily getting and swilling very quick & swilling very quick & [illegible]

more as if he had Fortunatus his purse in his pocket, was by an honest well governed man, that sate by, (and noted his humour) sharply reproved, and after reprehension, kindly admonisht him with these ensuing verses,

If thou the name of Husband good wouldst have,
Then toyle to get, and getting, getting save:
For he his gettings cannot wisely keep,
Shall wake with care, when Saviours soundly sleepe.

To which Smug merrily, and very readily made this answer,

Alas good sir, good husbands name,
My Dad nere had before me:
For me to ha't then, t'were a shame,
As long as Kate will scorne me,
(As Parson plie pot counsels here)
Ile freely take my liquor,
It makes good blood, the sight more cleare,
And dull wit grow quicker.

And so fell to his liquor again: till (contrary to his merry answer) it made his quick wit grow vnlerned within one half houre or more, he had not one wise word to speake, though he might have had a Kings ransome for it.

How Smug was frighted by the Nuns of Chestone, thinking them to be Spirits, and how afterward he frighted them by his suddain appearance.

SMug on a time as he was stealing Venison, hearing the Keepers in the Park, got up into a tree, to keep out of sight till he were past by him, which he did: scaping the Keepers eye, and so consequently his hand very scanlously. But sitting there a little while, prying and peeping betweene the branches (like an Owle in an Ivy bush) to see if the coast were cleare, he spied the Mother Nun of Chestone, with three or foure young ones (attired in white long robes, with vailes and tippits, as they used to weare) coming towards him, with a little bell ring before them, sprinkling holy water, and praying upon their beads very devoutly: withall

withall the circumstances of that ceremony they used when they receiued a Sister into that holy order.

The very sight of these holy creatures, made Smug quiuer, quake and shake like the leaues of the tree he sate upon, for he thought verily that they had been Spirits Furies, Fiends, or Hobgoblins that came thither a purpose to carry him away for stealing of Venison: but they (poor souls) ment no more harm to him, then he to them, but past by, not casting so much as a look upon him.

When they were past him, his heart (that till then was as heauy as a pudding) like pittifull paine (pittle-mans) was as light as a Morris Dancers: and very lightly (from knot to knot) got he from the top of the tree, thinking to haue runne to his fellows that staied for him: but by that time he was gotten from the bowes to the root, the Nimphs were turned back again upon him.

When he saw there was no way to get from them, suddainly he stept right before them and upon his knees with a stretcht throat (like an old bawling Woman-man) desired them for Gods sake not to hurt him, and he would never walk so late a Deer-stealing again while he liued and still he yawled and bawled (with his hands claspt together in very pittifull manner, as though he would haue rent his wind-pipe.

The good old Nun, so suddenly encountred, by such a roaring raggamuffin, knew not what to do, but ran as fast from him as ere she could and all her young ones after the Dam, she run not so fast one way to leave him, but he run as fast another way to leave her, and to find out his fellows. When he had found them, he told them (in boasting manner) how he met with a company of Spirits in the Park, and they durst not abide the sight of him. Therefore be of good cheer my Masters (said he) if spirits be afraid to look upon me, and run so fast from me, I hope the sneaking Keeper dares not abide my fury, and so they past on againe to their thieuing pastime.

How

How Smug presuming upon his courage, after his exploit, (frighting these supposed Spirits) would needs go the next evening again a Deere-stealing: and how deare he paid for it.

THe next evening Smug and his fellows went again a Deer-stealing, but it was a dear Deer-stealing to him: the rest of his companions for they had not been in the Park above a quarter of an houre privily peaking about for their prey, but they spyed the Keeper well weaponed with his great mastive dog at his heeles. Now out alas said the Parson, what shall we do my Masters? what shall we do? good Banks as thou art an honest Miller, and wouldst have me pray for the forgivenesse of to-doth sinne, tell me what I shall doe.

Why alas good Sir John (quoth the Miller) what should I tel you, I know neither what to do nor say for my selfe: what sayest thou Smug, thou seest we are all in danger: I prethee good Oliver, as thou lovest a good fellow, and good fellowship, as thou lovest that, thou knowest we all love good liquor, give us some good counsell, and good Smug be briefe, for thou seest our destruction is at hand.

Why alas my Masters said Smug, what would you have me to do, by Vulcan I protest, I know not what to say to you: I would I were at my Forge, you good Sir John, a sleep in the bellfrey, and Banks in his Mill, or I would we were all there, that we might be as safe as a thief in a Mill.

As they stood there prating and talking the one to the other, they saw the Keeper coming directly towards them: Oh now Sumg (qu. Sir John) stick to us all my trust is in thee, I prethee Smug shew thy self as valiant now against this Keeper, as thou didst against the Spirits and Hobgoblins thou mettest here the other night.

If thou beest remembred thou gavest us words of comfort then and didst bid us all be of good cheere and fear nothing, for thou saidst thou wouldst make the sneaking Keeper fly from thee, as fast as thou madest them flie. Now honest Oliver, be as good as thy word, make them fly, defend us, even I, Sir John poor mad merry Parson, will pray to God for thy health and welfare,

as

as long as I have a day to drink in: Why content you sir John (said Smug) I le see what I can do, go you two and lye close behind that hedge: If I have but as good luck against this scurvy Keeper this night, as I had against my little long-taild Hobgoblins t'other night, weel no leave the Park, without that we came for. They (as Smug told them) went behind the hedge & left him alone to deale with the Keeper: but alas for all his big looks, and braving words the Keeper thwackt him so soundly that he made him lye sprawling on the ground, and so left him.

When the Miller and the Parson (peeping through the hedge) saw the Keeper gone, & poor Smug lye in such a pittiful case, they went to him, now alas poore Smug (said Sir John) how fit. what cheer man? I perceive your fearfull looks could not affright away the Keeper, as it did the Spirits you told us of.

Oh sir John (said Smug) this Keeper is a Divell, he hath paid me yfaith, & yet all these blows grieve me not so much sir John, as that you and my neighbour Miller did not stay to take part with me, for you would have had your share in the Venison as deep as I, and I have thought he had been worse to deale withall then Spirits, the Divell should have dealt with him ere I would have come into his clutches.

Smug had no sooner spoke this word, but the Keeper was upon them again, and mightily enraged against them all, gave the Miller and the Parson as much as he had given Smug, and sent them all halting home together.

How Smug was revenged upon a Barber, (his Rival) that made him kisse his taile.

As honest Smug loved (as he loved his life) the society of his bearded associates, so in like manner, loved he sometime to be mad merry, amongst a mad company of his bare-thind bone companions, his little wanton Wagtailes: his sweet and twenties: his pretty pinckinged pigmies, &c. as he himself used commonly to call them.

Amongst all the kind Lasses he used to keep company withall, one (above all) he best loved, & by that one whom he loved (above all) he was best loved: for Anne Philip the Barber had so favoured

in trimming his beſt beloved Barbara (for ſo ſhe was called) that he when he came to her was as welcome as water in a ſhip, bad newes to a ſore grieved perſon or the ſhadow of a man to the longing Siſters of a long kept Maiden-head.

To be ſhort, one evening Smug went to ſee his ſweet Barbara, but when he was come where he thought to have been very kindly welcome, to the houſe of his beſt beloved, to his great griefe he found the doors locked, bard, or bolted againſt him: ſhe by lookt for lookt not for him, nor any other at that time: For ſhe (as any kind whore will be) was content with one at once, and one ſhe had: The Divell had put the Barber and ſhe together, and ſhe was very loath that any man ſhould put them aſunder. A good while Smug ſtood knocking, but no body would ſtir to let him in, then he went to the window, and there he kept a whewing, and a whiſtling to raiſe her, but all would not do: Then he fell to knocking with his knuckles againſt the caſement, and laſt raiſed the Barber out of Barbaras bed, not in his own likeneſſe, but in the likeneſſe of Barbara his beſt beloved: for the Barber like a ſubtile knave ſlipt on his bedfellows petticoats, night-caile, and head-tire which became his hair-leſs face, as well as hers it was made for, & ſo went to the window in Barbaras apparel, he ſpake Barbaras voice as neere as he could, and paſt as currantly with Smug in conference, as could be wiſht. After many loving words, Smug deſired he might have a kiſſe ere he parted, for the Barber (for Barbara had told him he might by no means be let in at that time.

This kind he-ſhe very lovingly ſpake. I prethee ſweet Smug (qd. this fine counterfeit) com buſs me through this broken pane, that I will, ſaith (qd. Smug) with a good will as ere I came from ſchoole, or went to the Ale-houſe: then I prethee Smug (qd. the Barber) come ſmack me quickly that I may to bed again, and to morrow Ile meet thee where thou wilt appoint: why come ſweet heart (quoth Smug) I am ready, and thruſt his lips as far as he could through the broken paine, againſt Smugs lips, the Barber inſtead of his lips turned his AR. his lips I ſhould have ſaid: Smug ſmackt, & ſmackt that ſweetly five or ſix times together ere he could tell what he kiſt. At laſt he perceived he was plaid the knave with all and by whom yet in policy very patiently put it up and with theſe words took his leave. Farewell

ſweet

ſweet Barbara, for the kindneſſe thou haſt ſhown me at this time, for all thy former kindneſſe and theſe ſweet kiſſes, I reſt by thée to thée to be commanded, whenſoever, whereſoever, and in whatſoever thou pleaſeſt, and ſo ſweet Barbara for a while God be with thée.

To hen went the Barber again, and Smug as faſt as he could fut it homewards as late as he was when he came whome, he found his folks hard at work, and a heate in the fire ready to be ſtricken out. Smug preſently tok the iron out of the fire (ſparkling hot) and ran as faſt as he could back again to Barbaras window, and there very haſtily cald for his ſweet Barbara: deſiring her moſt hartily to let him have one kiſſe more, and he'd raiſe her no more that night: the Barber preſently ſtarted up to the window again, as he had done before, and (as he had done before) ſet his buttocks cloſe to the broken paine, thinking that Smug, as he had done before would have kiſt them: but inſtead of kiſſing, or puting his lips to, he put his hiſſing hot iron to him, and made him flie from the window as faſt, as if the great Divell himſelf, and a dozen little ones had bin at his taile. Now (quoth Smug) my neat trimmer, I have trimmed you about the lips, as well as you have trimm'd me about the lips: as you like this, play ẏ knave with me another time, and ſo farewell good plaiſter-maker, hie thée home, and clap a plaiſter to it quickly, or thou't ſéele me when thou doſt not ſée me. When Smug had thus revenged himſelfe upon his rivall he left him crying and fretting, and went laughing home againe roundly.

How Smug ſoxt the fellow that went to cornute him in the Fox-chamber.

THe brothers (young gallants in Edmonton) who had often made themſelves merry with Smugs company, had ere this deſire to cornute or (in plaine terms) to cuckold honeſt Smug: and on ẏ night his wedding night, not ſo much drawn to it by her beauty (for ſhe was but a homely Smug I aſſure you) or any part or quality in her, as a deſire they had to do him that wrong: and eſpecially upon that night: partly ſtrife was between, plotting any contrivance the one to devide and prevent the other, upon the wedding

day as opportunity serued, the elder brother got the Widow into a corner, where he spent many perswasive words to win her to accord to his (as he called it) loving request: many of poore Smugs faults and imperfections he laid open, and withall his purse with very large proffers to draw her on the more easily: but all could not doe. She like never the worse of her Smug (who as she had taken for better for worse) for y diligent loue of him: nor the better of him for all his large proffers: and therefore spils him to giue ouer his honest suite, and be packing: for she was not a Moment (howsoeuer she seemed in his eye) of y vnchaste disposition. This & many such like and wees she made him, as tho willing to be rid of him, but could not for her (seeming to shew a lawfull blush) came vpon her still, after her froste answeres with a fresh supply of smooth words, & left her vp till he made her (with the appointment of place and minute) make him promise that he should haue his desire, but alas, that promise passed not from her heart, for she was of a stedfast conscience, that no means might make her neither proue, periure, or any other indirect vse of her selfe, to proue false to her Oliver.

When he had thus receiued his answere, & was gone, his younger Brother priuily set vpon her to the same purpose, and with y answer he had was sent away very pleasant, but his greater pleasure was his pain in the eye. For he as soon as they had left her, acquainted her Graue, or her Mistresse with their purpose and told him that ten a clock was the hour, and the Fore Chamber the place appointed, wishing him for y night to lye there alone in her stead, ready to receiue them or any of them. When Smug vnderstanding the knauery that was practised against him, after two or three smacking kisses, and thanks for her kindnes in telling it, he began to talke to himself in this manner. A ha my little wife Jingleiohn would you be nibling, would you plaith Lads, Ile haue a baite shall baite your holynesse a little, Ile Fore you plaith come to the Fore-chamber as soon as you will.

No be sure, a little before the time appointed, Smug got him to bed in the Fore chamber, against they or one of them should come: about the hour appointed, both the Brothers met in the dancing roome, or Hall, for they must passe through that to the Fore, prepared to performe their promises: but this vnhappy meeting had almost

most marred all, for neither of them durst enter into the others sight.

By and by, before a minute of the prest red time was past, the younger slipt in whilst ỹ elder stood talking amongst the dancers and to bed he went. He was no sooner got into his Hostesse (as he thought) but Smug crept out, and with an old dry boot that he had (laid ready for that purpose) so belaboured this young Puttonmunger in his shirt, that he had been as good have had a sound whipping as that beating.

A he quoth Smug, ile for you plaith boy, dost thou think mine Host of the George had a Whore to his Wife, no thou lecherous Babon, Smug is better liked of in his frize or sheep-skin, by his sim Smug I ale, then ere a Spunce sleeked Gallant of you all.

Why I prithee good Smug (quoth the youngster) be contented, if I have made this a fault, I will make thee amends: Nay alas (quoth Smug) tis no fault, I rather account my self for the kindnesse you should have shewn to me, in your debt, but Ile pay you ere you and I part, and about him he laid again: Then Smug made him slip on his clothes and beat him out of doores. When the elder Brother (who all the while he was as he thought) in the For-chamber with Smugs Wife, saw how he was cudg by her, & batter by him, he smiled to himself to think how well he was rewarded for his forwardnesse, and how cleanly he himself had escaped that scouring.

Why how now Brother (said he) whats the matter, hath your Bedfellow beat you, is she such a Divell, how chance you pleased her no better, please her (quoth he) the Divell please her and him too, they have pleased me a plague on them, but it would have pleased me better Brother, if you (as it was your desire this evening) had had my place.

Why Brother you may see (quoth the Elder) what it is to be so forward in seeking to deceive your Elders.

Well come Brother, lets go home and sleep honestly, for we see whats got by tempting honesty, he has taught thee, and thou hast taught me to take heed how we enter it into any such action again. Then home they tied them hand in hand, one smiling and jesting, and they together fretting and chafing curling poze Smug and his Wife, and the For-chamber extreamly.

How

How Smug being drunk, lost his fellows in the Park, and how when they got together by whooping and hollowing, he took them for Theeves, and would by no means know them till he was soundly thwackt by them, and made to know his friends from his foes.

ANother time Smug was fetch'd out of the Ale-house by Sir John, the Miller, and mine host of the George, in such a case as it had been fitter he should have gone to bed to sleep, then to the Park a Deer-stealing, but drunk as he was they would have him along with them, for without him they were no body, he must needs goe though he could hardly stand alone.

Well to the Park they got him with what great adoe, consider of the case he was in and imagine: when they were entred into the Park, and were ready to enter upon the businesse, they severed themselves every one to his appointed standing, with their weapons for that purpose, as Crosse-bows, Long-bowes, and staves.

Smug he was set (because he was not in case to take Keeper time) to watch that the Keeper came not upon them before they were aware, but while they were close at their business, their centinell (honest Smug) forgetting both where he was, and also what charge he had taken in hand, went reeling down the Park, clean out of sight and hearing. When Sir John, the Miller, and the mad host had struck the stroke, and made them all glad men, and bound their prize up handsomely together, they went to fetch their centinell, but when they came to the place where they set him, he was not to be found: body of me (qd. Sir John) what shall we do, kind neighbours and friends, what shall we doe? honest Smug with his head full of liquor is gone God knows whether, I pray Jove he be not fallen into some of these ditches, that I hope he is not (qd. mine Host) he was wet enough before: why what a mad knave is this Smug (qd. the Miller) he is sure asleep somewhere, faith then (qd. Sir John) we were best give over seeking for him by the eyes, and try what we can do by the voice. Then they fell to whooping and hollowing as loud as they could, that Smug might

heare

hear and answer them a good while they went whooping and hollowing, but Smugs ears was too far off for th ir voices to reach, they could by no means hear their answering hollow: the babling Ecchо answered every whoope they made, but Smug not one. So long they walked whooping & hollowing up & down, that the discoverer of every bad action, the morning was ready to discover theirs, and yet Smugs hollow could not be heard. At last when they had given over hollowing and were going without him, they heard him whoop: huth (qd. Sir John) I think I hear his voice: from whence comes it: mals? I hear it too (qd. ỹ host) but from whence I know not, why then (qd. ỹ Miller) we were best by our hollowing to keep him hollowing still, and so we shall come to him I le warrant you. They did as the Miller counselled them, & within lesse then a quarter of an hour had sight of him.

When they were come near together, Sir John (out of the love and good will we bear to Smug, kept forward before his fellows, and with an out-stretched arm, and smiling countenance would have imbraced him. But Smug in his drunken humor (not knowing him to be Sir John nor the Miller & mine Host that followed him, to be his old honest familiar Copel-mates) took him such a knock ore the pate, that he made Mr. Parson stagger like himself, though their causes were much unlike. Why how now Smug (qd. ỹ fiery-fac'd Host) wilt thou fight with thy friends? Friends (qd. Smug) foot you rogues do you come rob me? Keepe out, keep out I advise you, and you meane to go home again to see your Wife and Children (if you have any) keek out, by Pharaoh you all dye else. Why I prethy Smug (qd. the Miller) put down thy weapon, we are all thy friends: I prethee Smug (qd. mine Host) put thy staffe on thy shoulder, and let's go home together dost thou not know me? Come, give me thy hand. That I will (qd. Smug) There, & knock him ore the pate with his staff; there's a hand for thee, & still stood striking at him, laying about him like a mad man. When they saw he would by no fare intreaty come to ỹ knowledge of them, they all laid at him & wel & soundly baited his flocs, & by that time they had thwackt him soundly, indeed his wits were come to him. Then he knew his friends from his foes, & desired them very kindly (every man by his name) to hold their hands,

and

and very orderly and well helped his fellow theeves to beare one their booty.

How Smug was deceived of his Red Cap by his Wife, and by that deceit forc'd to leave his swaggering Company, and go with her home to his labour.

AMongst divers Articles that were agreed upon betwixt Smug and his Wife, to be kept inviolated on either part, this was one:

That day that Smug had his red Cap on, (which Cap he call'd his Cap of Maintenance) he was like a Lord of Mis-rule, to have rule and dominion over his Wife, both at home and abroad: that day he had to spend at his own pleasure, to Card, Dice, Drink, Dab, domineer, and do all that it pleased him to do, without any interruption, or contradiction. But without that Cap he might do nothing, but what stood with her good will and liking.

If at any time he were gaming, drinking, domineering, &c. without this Cap of Authority, if his wife came into the place where he was and did but hold up her finger, he was presently to give over his company, obey, and follow her home to his business.

One morning betimes, Smug was called from his work by a company of true Moldets (like himself) to go a Fox-catching: Forth he went with his red Cap upon his head, swaggering and swearing amongst his most abominable drunk Companions, like the Captain of a Gally-Foist.

First they tasted Liquor in one house, then in another, then another, and so from house to house, till they had not left an Ale-house in all Edmonton untasted.

At last, when their brains began to be dizzie, with running so long in this maze of Good-fellowship, (as one evill leads to another) they went all as wise as Woodcocks to a house of Iniquitie, and there they drank and swaggered helter skelter: And to make them leap the more lustily, they sent for a noise of Minstrels: and after that pittifull noise, the Treble and the Bagpipe, they danced all out of measure. One while this creaking Puffen would go creeping after them, like a tyred follower after his leader, and another while it would run so fast before them

them,that they were fain to run more then a Hackney pace to ouertake it.

In y midst of this merry pastime came Smugs Wife tretting & chasing into the Roome,to fetch him home, but by no meanes he would giue ouer his pastime, it was his day, and he would spend it at his pleasure.

When she saw he was so far in, that he could hardly be got out, she fell to intreating, desiring him very kindly to go along home with her: but the more she intreated, the more he stood against her.

Why then confounding Cockatrice (said he) wilt thou not let my Cap of Maintenance, my Scarlet coloured Cap, am not I to do my pleasure, without check or controule, so long as this Cap is on my head: Away, begon, or by the life of Pharaoh Ile be humble thee: I tell thee, so long as this Cap is on my head, I will not be croft in mine humour.

When she perceiued it was but a folly to seek by intreaty to get him home, and yet she was very loth to leaue him behind her in that disordered Company. A good while she stood musing with her selfe, what she were best to do to get him along with her: in vain she studied not, for her study begat a trick that serued her will, and that was this:

She took her man Ralphs Gray Cap from his head, and very handsomely, when she saw her Husband was busie in talk (and had left the sense of his hearing) she took his Red Cap off, and put the Gray Cap on, in the stead of it. When she had so done, she plac'd her self right before him again, and held up her finger: for as he before said) at the holding up of her finger he was to fulfill her pleasure, his Red Cap being from him.

When Smug saw her finger up againe (little thinking of her subtiltie) he was very angry, and out of his anger said thus vnto her: How darest thou presume to hold up thy finger, and see this, (pointing to his Red Cap, as he thought.) Down with that finger, or Ile set down finger and body and all, by the life of Pharaoh, now by broad-thek'd Bacchus, that sweet swilling God of Good fellows I will: shall I be croft in my humors? If my Red Cap were at home, and I here, I would obey thee: but being both here, I will not.

Why you are deceived (quoth he) your Red Cap is not here, and therefore you must and shall along with me: look here, is this your Red Cap (said he,) and took it from his head to shew it him; I pray you look upon it well.

Sergeant Smug had looked well upon it himself, and had asked y Miller and the merry Priests Judgement of the colour of his Cap, and found it to be a Gray Cap he looked as pale as a poor refractring Debtor, at the sight of a Sergeant, or his cut-throate Creditor, and presently perceived, made a low leg, took his leave of his Company as handsomely as he could, and rid'd home with his Cap very lovingly.

How Smug was taken by the Watch, and set in the stocks for abusing of them, and how he kept such a coyle with whooping and hollowing under a sick womans window, that the Constable was fain to set him at liberty, and glad to be so rid of him.

DRinke and good Fellows had kept Smug out so late one night, that the Watch, as he walked homewards, had him in examination, both where he had been, and about what business.

Smug (all tickl'd o'r (as many term it) somewhat rugged, answered very demure very civilly: whereupon the Watchmen (as men in Authority will) taking it for a great presumption, that he should answer them so unhappily, grew very choleric, and in their heat of anger struck him, and beaten him, and thrown him between them, as they would have tost him to Tiber.

But as before this rigorous usage, he could not well brooke their words, he could now well worse brook their blowes, and therefore resolved, as before he had given them one treble word for another (I, and perhaps returned them with the vantage) seeing they were so ready to give blows, to give them blow for blow. So long he laid about him with his Hammer, (for that was his Morglay) that scarce two of halfe a dozen that began with him, would stay to make an end with him.

By

By and by came the Constable, with the bloudie Runnawayes, to bear Smug to the Stocks (which stood under the Constables Windowe) with much adoe they drag'd him to them, and with as much adoe got in his leg.

When they had thus set him fast, they left him, and every man return'd to his place againe.

Being thus left alone, he fell to singing, to passe away the time as merrily in the stocks, for once, as he had done in the Ale-house many a time and oft: He was as well furnished with odde pieces of bawdy Ballads, and drunken Catches, as a man of his profession might be: which he so roundly trould out as he sate, that the Constables Wife was faine to send down her Maid to desire him to sit quietly, and hold his tongue. Hold my tongue (said Smug) nor though Master Constable have a trick to force me to hold my legs still, he wants a trick to make me hold my tongue still.

But I prythée Wench, tell me from whence, or from whom comest thou, to bid me hold my tongue. Marry (said the Maid) I dwell here; you sit under the Chamber Windowe where my Mistris (who sent me) lyes very sick: How sick (quoth Smug) I prythée tell me Lasse, who is thy Mistris? Marry (quoth she) the Constables Wife: How? (said Smug) the Constables Wife? What, his Wife that set me here? even his Wife (quoth the Maid) therefore I prythée good fellow be quiet. Nay I will, I will, (said Smug) go tell thy Mistris I will not sing one Song more to disturb her: I prythée doe not good fellow (quoth the Maid) and so went up againe to her Mistris. She was scarce in the Chamber with her Mistris, delivering his answer, but he was as loud and far lowder then he was before, though not in the same manner, because of his promise: for he had turn'd from bawling like a Ballad-singer, to shouting, whooping and hollowing like a Forrester. Such a noyse he made as he sate with hollowing and whooping (as if he had been a hunting) that Master Constables sick Wife could by no meanes take a minutes rest by him.

Twice or thrice she sent her maid down to him againe, to desire him to be quiet: but as often as she sent, he strained himself to raise his voice higher.

Nay ſfaith (qu. Smug) your Husband ſet me here I thanke him, and doe you thanke him, if I be a trouble to you, for ſetting me ſo neere you: Blame not me, for ſfaith I muſt be doing ſomewhat to make my ſelfe merry. When he has thus told her his minde, hee fell to whooping and hollowing againe.

Then ſhe ſent for her Husband, thinking by his preſence to ſtill him: but he being with him, Smug was ten times worſe then when he was from him (for he played the knave ſo on purpoſe to croſſe him.)

When Maſter Conſtable ſaw, that neither faire meanes, nor foule, could make him hold his tongue, and that by the noyſe he made his Wife grew worſe and worſe, he commands his Beadle (or ſome other under Officer) to let him out, and deſired him very kindly to go quickly home to his dwelling.

Thus honeſt Smug by's knaverie,
Got's heeles again at libertie.

How knavishly Smug was dealt with by three or foure of his fellow Drunkards, and how he broke the Glaſſe that ſhewed him the ſhadow of his one face.

SMug in his time had played many mad pranks by many, and one day it was his chance to light into the company of three or foure mad coniolts, that played the knave as well with him, as ever he had play'd the knave with any.

When they had ſpent a fore-noon in quaffing together, and fill'd him with liquor, (which he was very eaſily intreated to take) and fill'd him ſo full, that he was too heavie to ſtand or goe, they led him out of the Ale-houſe into the Church-Porch, and there laid him all along upon his back upon a Bench. Under his head (inſtead of a Cuſhion, or a pillow) they put a Cricket, or a little Joynt-ſtole, (ſuch as Children uſe to ſit on in the Chimney-corner) and under his feet, a great rough-hewed Free-ſtone.

Yet

Yet as hard as they laid him, he slept as soundly, as if he had been laid down upon a bed of Down; and lay with such a grace, as few Smiths (I can tell you) can lye: for he had upon his head his Red Cap, his Cap of Maintenance, buttoned up before, with a faire Feather of a Peacocks Taple in it, bound about with a Carnation silk Ribband, his Leather Apron turn'd round together, and wound about his middle: his Hammer hanging (Hanger-like) by his side, and both his hands in his pockets.

Thus lay smug at length, like ỳ Image of Duke Humphrey, over his long agoe consumed Carkas, or his Dust, Earth, and Ashes.

Had honest Smug (thus lying) been grated about, with some pittifull Epitaph, or Deaths-head, and Memento Mori, and his sleep lasted as long as the sleep of one of the Seven Sleepers; I am perswaded he would have had more Spectators then the richest Monument that stands either in Saint Pauls Church, or Westminster.

But to the matter: when (as he lay thus) the mad crew that lapd him so, saw he was as deep in Sleepe as Drink, they began to worke their wills upon him in this manner:

They got a good handfull of small Coales which they beat to powder, and having beat them to powder, put them into a dish of faire water: when they had well mingled (like right dawbing Painters) their Small-Coale powder, blacking, and Water together, and made a perfect Coale-black, without either Size or any such like letting Stuffe, they lapd it on his face, which was reasonable black before, not leaving so much white or red to be seen as a small pins head will cover.

When they had thus beblacked and besmouched him, with his Devels lok, they left him (knotting on the Porch-Bench) till he should either wake of himself, or be waked of the Sexton, or some other kind of bald-pated Officer.

There he slept soundly three or foure hours without moving; till at last, with a remove that removed him from the Bench to the ground, he waked, & after long stretching, reaching, and pawning, got upon his feet.

But alas, when with much ado he was got up, he had as much adoe to stand: yet out of the Church-porch he made a shift to

stagger,

staggered and up into the street. When he was there (reeling homewards to his own house) the Boyes at play in the street spyed him: at the first sight halfe afraid of his black face, they ran apace away from him; yet at last, when a great company of them were gathered together, they turned to him again, and followed him close, shouting and crying after him, Divell, Divell, Divell.

When Smug, as drunk as he was, heard them call him Divell, Devell, Divell; he marvelled much in his mind wherefore they called him so (for alas he knew not:) And they called him Drunkard it would never have grieved him; for that he knew to be his ordinary Title.

Still followed the boyes at his heeles, (crying as they began) Divell Divell, Divell, throwing old shoes, Bones, and pibble stones after him: so long they followed him, that they made him (whole drunk) halfe mad; yet all he could doe, he could not mend it: The boyes loved him so well, they would not leave him till they saw him at his door.

His Wife (busie within) hearing the noyse and shout the boyes made, looked out, and spyed her own sweet Husband in that sweet taking: presently she got him in a doores, and there began (very prettily) to make use of her tongue to him. After many brabling words between them, she fetched him a glasse, in which he saw the shadow of his face, in that most pitifull case.

When Smug began to sweare (not like a Smith I can tell you) Gogs Nownes, Fat am I thus, thou most horrible ugly whore, dost thou shew me the Divell, to fright me from that little store of wit which I have? and thy Divell were ten Divels, I am not afraid of him, and that thou shalt quickly see: With that he took his Hammer from his side, (still seeing his own figure shadowed in the Glasse, which he took to be the Divell) struck at it, and with one blow clattered the Glasse all in pieces.

Now you filthy (saith he) where is your Divell now? I think I have quaild him: Hath Eating your Devels to me, dost thou? Thou whore, out thou. Alas sweet Smug (quoth she) seeing him so very much moved, be patient I prethee sweet Chuck, and shaking him the cruckt fragment: look here, here is no Divell; therefore I prethee sweet Ollyver be quiet.

Nay

Nay (quoth Smug) Ile tickle your Divels, faith, and your Divels come to molest me within mine owne House, upon mine owne ground, Ile Divell them.

Come good sweet heart (quoth she) now thou hast beaten the Divell away, let us go to bed, after a quarter of an houres fretting, with very good words she got him to bed.

In the morning when she knew his sleep had made him sober, she shewed him his black face in another Glasse: which when he saw and knew with what he came, he blusht, but the best was it could not be seen, till his Master was taken off with faire water and soape: then he confest himself faulty, promised amends, and went very close to his labour.

How cunningly Smug scaped the Keeper, and others that pursued him, and made him run up and down from place to place to seek him in vain.

SMug and his nine crew of Venison-eaters, one night being at their wassells, were suddenly set upon by their old Enemy the Keeper, & two or three more, that after they had taken great pains to get their prey, & bound it up handsomely ready to bear it away, they were forc'd to fly, and leave it behind them, for fear of a further mischief. The Miller he ran one way, and nimble sir John in his Buckram Cassock another way, and Smug another way, as fast as if they had been train'd up to running all their life time. They had no time to take their leave one of another, or appoint a place of meeting.

As their Master betook them several ways to run, so the Keeper and his Consorts divided themselves to pursue them, one far after the Miller, another after sir John, and two or three after Smug for he was the only man they looked for, though all them were bidden to the Keepers Wedding. The Miller he ran not far, ere he was stay'd with a gate at the gate: Sir Johns followers followed so close, that he was not time to leap for his liberty over a stile: over he should have leapt, but time is short leap lays him all along in a ditch and so he was stay'd and taken up with never a word to do him. Smug he ran valiantly homewards, followed at the heels by the Keeper and another, yet they could not overtake him.

When

When he was got to Edmonton, with running to and fro up one Lane, and down another, he got out of the sight of his pursuers: but it was so late, he could not get into any house to hide him, save his own: and into that he durst not goe, fearing they would go thither to seek him.

A pretty while he stood studying which way to shift for himself resolving one while to do this thing, another while that, another while another. At last, standing thus in a brown study, turning his eyes first one way, then another long, one while up, another while down, he espied the sign of the White Horse: not painted upon a board (as they use to be here in the City) but fashioned out of Timber, and set gallantly over the Signe-post. Passe (quoth he) I care not greatly, if I get up and bestride this White Horse, and make another S. George here in Edmonton: Ile doe it faith, it may be I may sit safer so then any way else; if I doe, I do: if I no not, I know the worst on't, 'tis but wearing two stocks upon one leg, and I am as well able to endure it now as ere I was. Up to the White Horse he got and back'd him bravely, with his arm stretch'd out, his hammer in his hand in stead of a Sword, and the Lippit of his Red Cap tyed under his Chin, which stood for his Helmet mast featly.

While he sat thus gallantly trotting upon his Wooden horse (yet no Hobby-horse) the Keeper that followed him so close, to have gotten him into his keeping (with the rather that was with him) went pacing and prying in every corner of the street to find him: twice or thrice (backwards and forwards) they went under him, and yet could not see him, but he saw them well enough.

When they had lost an hours labour, or there about, in seeking after him without doors, they resolved another while to seek him within. Come said the Keeper to the other, let us go search the Inns, and first this: this White Horse is his daily haunt, therefore it may be we shall find him there this night: come let us in.

As the Keeper was going into the White Horse (under Gate) his fellow looking up, bad him stay. Stay quoth the Keeper, wherefore should I stay? Why look you (said the other) this is not the White Horse as you take it to be, this is the George. Passe (said the Keeper) 'tis the George in deed: come let's open to the White Horse. When they had crost the Way, (as they thought to the

White

White Horſe) they found the George againe. Zounds (qd. the Keeper) Jack, this is the George too. What, have we two Georges in Edmonton? 'Fot man, where are we? If this be Edmonton, here was but one George yeſterday, and the white Horſe over againſt it, now here are two Georges one againſt another; this is ſtrange: 'tis very ſtrange indeed (quoth the other.) Bones man, are we not at Hodſdon? Fo, thou knoweſt the two Georges are in Hodſdon. Paſſe thou ſayeſt true, Jack; and by theſe Signes, this ſhould be Hodſdon. Come come, (quoth the other) we miſtooke our way in the darke; this is Hodſdon; come, let's up to Edmonton. Content (qd. the Keeper) and together they ran as faſt as they could to Hodſdon, to find Edmonton.

When Smug, who heard all their talke (and late laughing, ready to bewray himſelfe with laughter) ſaw them trudging towards Hodſdon, he gat down from his white Horſe, and went to bed, leaving them in their Wild-Goſe-Chaſe, to ſeek him.

When they were come to Hodſdon, there they ſaw the two Georges too, for there the Signes ſtood indeed, then they chafed, ſwore, and ſtampt like mad-men, curs'd poore Smug and his company, and vowed to be the death of him if ere they could take him handſomely. There they tooke up their Lodging for that night, and the next morning went home to their buſineſſe.

How *Smugs* Wife locked him in a Doores, when hee would have gone abroad a Swaggering, and what ſhift he made to get out and amongſt them.

SMug one day very early prepared himſelf to go abroad, according to promiſe the day before, a Wedding: and to go handſomely, he tricked himſelf up in his holiday Suite, put on a cleane Band, & his red-Cap, that he might go through ſtitch with his buſineſs, without croſſe, or controulement. But alas, even as he was ready to go downe the ſtaires, his Wife perceiving his intent, preſently to croſſe him, ſtept out of the Chamber before him, pulled the doore after her, and locked him in: now, ſaid ſhee, and you be hot with anger, walke by

and downe and coole your selfe; If your walke tire you, lye downe and rest you, for you shall rest upon no Ale Bench this day.

This crosse bed and these cutting words of hers vext him, that he was almost in a bad case with fretting, as hee had been the day before with drinking; yet he saw there was no remedie but patience, for neither faire words nor foule could make her turne the key to let him out.

From the time he rose till almost Dinner time, he walked up and downe in his Chamber, chafing, fretting, and mumbling like poore Tom of Bedlam in his Barne, or bowling Iune.

At last (to crosse his Wife as well as she had crost him) he take an empty Can that stood by upon a little Table tyed it to the end of a long string; and put it out at his Chamber-window; where it hung dangling like the poore men's Box at Ludgate, and he himselfe like the bawling Box-man, stood peeping through his Lattice, crying, For the Lords sake, for the Lords sake, good people, pitty a poore Prisoner; making his Can dance at the end of his whip cord, with drawing it up and downe as nimble as one of the little tyred Puppits in the lamentable Motion of Dives and Lazarus. Well, there he stood in this manner bawling and pawling, till he had drawn as great a company of people together, as the babling of a cheating Mountebanke, or the foule-fac'd throat of an itchie Ballad-singer in a Faire or Market-time. To conclude, when his Wife saw such a company of people, men, women and children gathered about him, she (poore wretch) ashamed to heare him, and vext at those that stood gaping about him, in a chafing heat as she lockt him in, let him out, and was glad to be so rid of him.

How *Smug* was revenged on his Wife, for Locking him in a doores.

The hot fuming of this frisking Crosse *Smug* rose against poore Iris, and put on working day apparell, with his old Sheepes

Sharpes Russet-Button-Cap, and went to worke as hard as if he had wrought for a wager; he laboured at the Forge (but 'twas to forge a piece of knaverie) till his sweaty face reeked againe. All the day long wrought he thus hard without any stop, stay, or hindrance: nay, which is more to be wondred at, he dranke not above thrice all day and that was as hee used to call it, small comfort, commonly called small Beare.

His Wife to see him work so close (as the very well might) marvailed and gave him as kind words as he could wish for, and sware by the faith of her body, she was glad to see such a sudden alteration. He still plying his worke, gave her good words for her good words, very kindly.

When his labour had brought on the Evening (which brings an end to labour) he very kindly requested his Wife to walke with him, to nip themselves a little in the Evening for it was a very fine frostie Moone-light evening: she very kindly tooke his kind request, and went with him.

Very lovingly they walked together, arme in arme out at the Townes end, one while this way, and another while that even as it pleased him (her most vertuous Leader) to leade her. They walked thus lovingly up and downe together so long, that there was no Candle burning nor one eye open in all the Village; then home apace he hyed him. When hee was come to the Doore, ready to enter, he sent his Wife on a needelesse Errand to the Turning-Stile, to his honest neighbour Noddamus: while the poore woman, was about his bidding, mistrusting no knaverie to be done against her, he presently turn'd the Key on the out-side to let himselfe in, and on the in-side to lock her out.

When she was returned from the place afore-named and found the Doore lockt, and the Key sticking in the in-side, she knockt, and with her knocking call'd; but honest Smug lay snug, and would neither rise to let her in nor make her any answer. Then she knew not what to doe, but (as Women doe wanting their wills) fate and fryed, to ease her stomack. His resolution was set to make her fit all that Night, to

knock her heeles and blow her nayles at the doore, like a poore back-bitten Stall-creeper: Never did she chatter better with anger, then she did at that time with the coldnesse of the weather, that made her teeth goe faster then her tongue.

When she saw, that neither reasonable knocking, nor unreasonable calling could raise him, shee tooke vp a great Flint stone, and beat against the doore, as though she would have beat it downe. Then Smug started vp to the window in his shirt, and very strangely asked, who it was kept such a bouncing at the doore? Marry good man Drunkard, quoth she, it is I that knocke: Wherefore hast thou lockt me out? Pay first, quoth Smug, answer me, Wherefore didst thou lock me in? 'Twas so lately done, I am sure thou hast not forgot it; or, if thou hast, thou sayst I have not.

Thou lockedst me in, and I have lockt thee out,
Good *Agnis* walke, — goe walke about.

So, talke no longer; for I sweare by my Red-Cap, and by Bacchus, the god of good Liquor, I meane to keepe thee out all night, as thou kept'st me in all day: and so sweet Agnis, till betweene Seven and eight in the morning, farewell.

To bed went hee againe, and left her to shift for her selfe till morning: how they agreed when they came together, I know not; but you may judge, she scarce tooke it patiently.

How *Smug* quarrel'd with his Fellowes, and was ready to fight about the singing of a Catch: and how till they turn'd it to his mind, he would not be quieted.

SMug one day being very merry with his honest swilling Associates, from Drinking fell to Singing; and amongst all the odde Ale-house Catches they had vp, this was one, Ile tye my Mare in thy ground: this, Ile tye my Mare in thy ground, was toss'd to and fro betweene Smug, the Miller, and the merry Parson, that Smug had forgot that he was singing a Catch, and began to quarrell with the Parson, thinking verily hee had meant (as he said in his Song) to

tye

tye his Mare in his ground. Will you tye your Mare in my ground (ſaid Smug?) the Parſon ſung ſtill, Ile tye my Mare in thy ground: In my ground, ſaid Smug? ſtill went the Parſon forward with his Catch, Ile tye my Mare in thy ground &c. Then Smug began to ſwagger indeed, and ſwore, If he tyed his Mare in his ground, hee would make his Cap and Scull cleave together: beſides, hee would give his Mare ſuch a Drench that after that Drinke, ſhe ſhould never eate more. The Parſon ſeeing Smugs rage increaſing, with very good words intreated him to be patient, and caſt away Choller; for as I am an honeſt Sir John, and a boone Companion, I meant no harme in the world: I did but ſing the Catch, as the Catch was. But all theſe kind words and intreaties could not winne Smug to patience, till Mr. Parſon turn'd his Song, and himſelfe in ſinging, from him to the Miller: Then they were as good friends as could be, and in kindneſſe, went againe to drinke together, till they were all laid drunke to ſleepe.

How *Smug* being drunke in his Bed, piſt upon his Wife through a Cullender, taken in ſtead of a Chamber-pot.

LAbouring at the Liquor all day, many times tyred Smug farre worſe then his labour at the Forge, as it was often ſeene by him; but moſt eſpecially at this time, that I am now to ſpeake of: For at this time hee had laboured ſo hard (and no body blame him, for he ceaſt not from morning till night) that his legges were not able to beare him to his Bed. But what he could not doe himſelfe for himſelfe, the helping hands of ſome kind Neighbours and friends did: in Bed they layd him, and left him, to get that ſleeping that he loſt waking.

There lay he grunting and groaning like a Hog in a Stye, turning to and fro, from one ſide of the Bed to the tother: for the Liquor wrought ſo within him, that hee could not ſleepe, as he us'd to drinke, ſoundly for the life of him.

Within halfe an houre after he had lyen thus tumbling and tossing, as if he had lyen upon Nettles, his Wife went to Bed to him, to rest her after her (indeed, true Labour: But (poore Woman) she found lesse rest there then in her labour; for hee kept such a retching and stretching himselfe, such a bunching and punching with his Legs and elbowes that she might have lyen better at ease betweene two Pad-men, then by him in that taking.

As he lay thus labouring (laden and ober laden) with the Liquor he had taken the liquor lay labouring within him for vent; Which, though hee could very hardly rise to give it handsomely, yet hee did his goodwill, and reach'd out of the Bed for a Pispot; but in stead of a Pispot he tooke a Cullender (that stood close by his Bed-side upon a Settle) and kneeling upright in his Bed, let his ill-digested Liquor run as freely into it, and through it, upon his slumbring Wife, as a Conduit-pipe at waste.

She presently (feeling her selfe warme wet) start up and began to brabble with him, and cry shame upon him, for doing such a beastly deed.

Why thou Whore (quoth Smug) wilt thou not give mee leave to pisse? If thou crossest my humour but with two crosse words more, Ile breake the Pisse-pot about the pate of thee, therefore be quiet.

But for all his threatning she would not hold her tongue; That she kept walking still, till Smugs fits walked about her eares.

There was such a sore Battaile in the bed between them, as I thinke never was seene betweene Bed fellowes before; and had not a Candle and a cleane paire of Sheets beene quickly carried up to part them, there would have been great bloud-shed.

THO: BRAVVER.

SMUG's

SMUG's *Ghoſt.*

VVHen with the Ayrie Eſſence ſempiterne,
You might a Body (now is duſt diſcerne)
I was of many ſet by for Mirth:
Good Company I lov'd with all my heart,
And like a boone Companion play'd my part,
(It was fore ſpoken at my houre of Birth.)

Heart-eating ſorrow ne're with me remain'd,
While I your ſhape, as I have ſaid retain'd,
My Cogitations were all Airy light:
I ne're lov'd Hoarder, nor the hoarding ſinne,
That coyne my labour brought me one day in,
I ſpent in pleaſure e're the next dayes night.

Mad Mr. *Peter*, and my Red fac'd *Hoaſt*,
My dapper *Parſon*, whom of all I moſt
Entirely loved for his merry vaine:
And *Banks* the Miller that poor thin cheek'd knave,
That holpe to beare my body to the Grave,
Were men of mettle, of a perfect ſtraine.

Theſe men and I, made up a matchleſs Crew
For merry Meetings, till the ground look'd blew,
We'd ſit and ſend our ſoaking Healths about:
We'd ſometime Thieve together in the darke,
To fetch a feaſt of Venſon from the Parke,
And where we came we made a fearfull rout.

Then grant my Ghoſt *this, though our bones be rotten,*
Our Names may live, and never be forgotten.

FINIS.

Here SMVG the SMITH,
with leave of his Hoſt:
Doth baffle the Keepers,
upon a Signe-Poſt.

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FINIS.